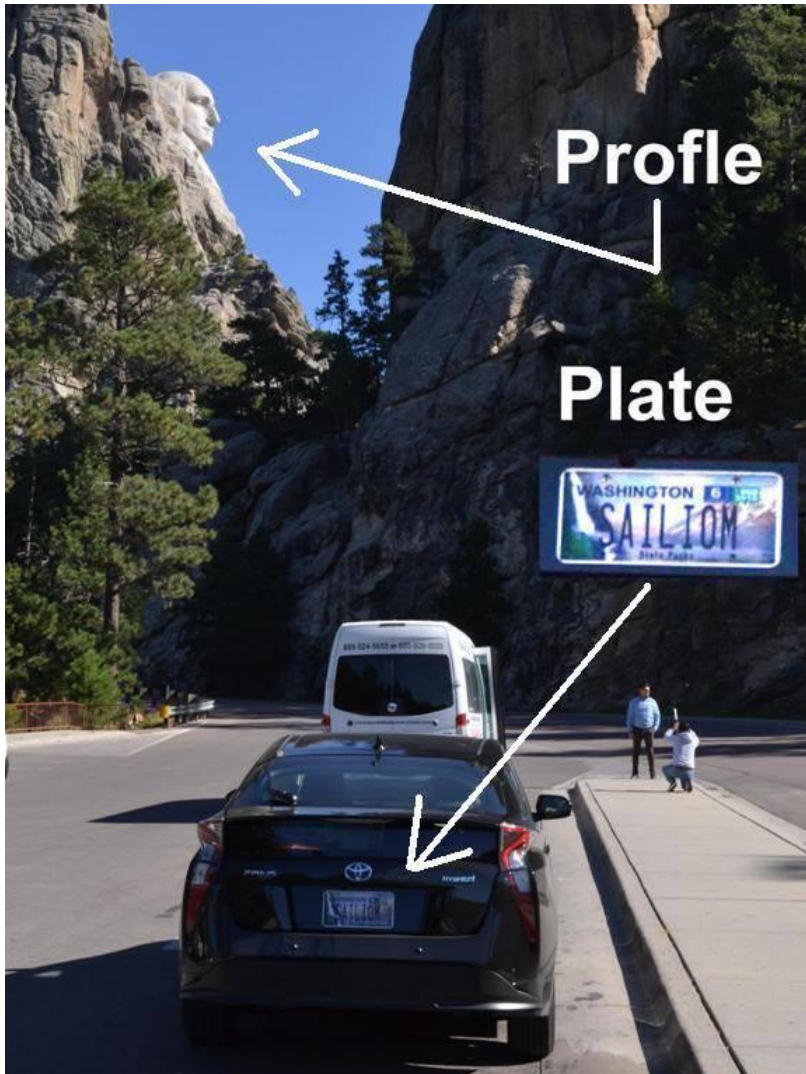


Introduced to sailing in the frigid waters of Puget Sound in the 1950s when my dad pushed me away from J-dock at Shilshole Bay. At the first puff I immediately flipped the homebuilt El Toro and raced frantically back to the dock with a splashy over-hand stroke. Hence the lessons began: first lifejacket (PFD) then stay with the boat. This eventually progressed to match racing that soggy little Cat-boat during monthly US Power Squadron Rendezvouses around the Sound. As some power boat owners realized the love of sailing, soon the growing Squadron sail fleet was racing to the Rendezvouses. This led to 'round the sound races and Thursday night frostbite series out of Shilshole in my dad's Cal T-2 half ton "Scooter-Pat" (my sisters names). I crewed on other family boats like Crocket and Robinson.

R/C off-road buggy racing was fun but dirty like mud and "take-um-out" crashing. Then I saw the EC12 Nationals on Juanita Bay near my home and I thought I could do that. I bought two boats (one for my dad) and at the lead pouring party I ran into Bob Wells. Along with Bob and all the Old Gig Harbor Yacht Club regulars we flew yearly cross the country with EC12 R/C boats in Wooden Boxes for many regattas. Nine-Eleven ended that.

My R/C sailing was reignited with watching the IOM World Championship in Vancouver, BC. And surprisingly as if proof of Quantum Entanglement, Bob Wells called out of the blue about organizing an IOM event and I reported just buying my first IOM Glam Rock a few days before.

I still SAILIOM. JWB



<https://www.ibextrax.com/DPMYC/JaryPramb.pdf>